



NO. 74
JULY

Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES

A Fawcett Publication

10c



CAPTAIN MARVEL
IS BAFFLED BY
THE HANDWRITING
ON THE WALL
CAN YOU
DECIPHER IT?
READ THE EERIE
ANSWER IN THIS
ISSUE

PUT YOUR NOSE ON
DOT TO SEE WHAT
HANDWRITING SAYS!

BEAR BIKE FACTS

BY THE GILLETTE BEAR



IN 1898, CHARLES MURPHY PEDDLED A MILE IN LESS THAN A MINUTE. HE WAS PACED BY A TRAIN, RAN ON A BOARD TRACK DESIGNED FOR THE EXPERIMENT.



THE OLD "BOYS-SHAKEN" WAS THE BAKE OF GREAT GRANDFATHER'S DAY. IT HAD HEAVY WOODEN WHEELS, IRON TIRES AND WAS TOUGH TO PEDAL. GRAMPS WOULD HAVE GIVEN HIS ALL FOR A SET OF GILLETTES.



SIX-DAY BIKE RACING WAS THE RACE A FEW YEARS AGO. TWO-MAN TEAMS RACED CONTINUALLY, COVERING MORE THAN 2500 MILES. SPRINTS ADDED TO THE THRILLS AND SPILLS.



GILLETTE CYCLOE TRES TRAK THE BONESHAWK OUT OF CYCLING. THEY'RE EASY RIDING AND MIGHTY DEFENSABLE. EVERY GILLETTE IS A BEAR FOR WEAR.

GILLETTE



Bicycle Tires

Captain MARVEL

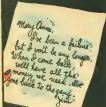


and the
FATE
of the
WORLD!

WHEN MARY ANNE STUART, A YOUNG BRIDE,
RETURNED TO HER APARTMENT ONE DAY,
SHE FOUND A NOTE WAITING FOR HER...



CERTAINLY, THIS WAS A CURIOUS
NOTE FOR A BRIDE OF THREE
MONTHS TO RECEIVE...



OH, WHY DON'T HE SAY? HE'D
HAVE FOUND A JOB SOONER OR
LATER / WHY DID HE HAVE
TO GO BACK TO BEING
A CRIMINAL?



FROM THE WAY
MARY ANNE CRIED,
YOU'D THINK THE
WORLD WAS COMING
TO AN END.
IF YOU THOUGHT
SO, YOU'D BE
RIGHT.
FOR AT THIS
EXACT MOMENT,
THE WORLD WAS
COMING TO AN END!

THE PLACE WHERE THIS MOMENTOUS
DECISION WAS TAKING PLACE WAS
THE ROCK OF ETERNITY... AT A COUN-
CIL OF THE ELDER GODS OF MYTHOLOGY...

BELIEVE ME,
FELLOW IMMORTALS,
YOU'RE MAKING A
SERVE MISTAKE.
THE PLANET EARTH
CANNOT YET BE JUDGED
A FAILURE!

AFTER ALL,
EARTH HAS SUCCEEDED IN
PRODUCING AT LEAST ONE
HIGHLY SUPERIOR MORAL—
CAPTAIN MARVEL!



SHAZAM IS PROUDCED / THIS
LITTLE PLANET HAS BEEN IDEN
WITH WAR, MISERY AND MORTAL
GROSS FOR THOUSANDS OF
YEARS / IN VAN, WE'VE
WATCHED FOR SOME SIGN
OF IMPROVEMENT....



I THINK IT'S
TIME WE ADMITTED WE
MADE A MISTAKE, AND ENDED
THE WORLD ONCE AND FOR
ALL / ALL IN FAVOR
SAY AYE!...

AHE!

AHE!

AHE!

AHE!



GIVE EARTH A CHANCE.
EVERY GO T-DEED MUST'VE DISCOVERED
IS A HUMAN AND IF YOU'RE NOT
CONVINCED IT'S WORTH SAVING,
THEN I'LL AGREE TO LET
EARTH BE DESTROYED
AT MIDNIGHT!

YAWN
AGREED, SHAZAM!
I'LL DO AS YOU
DETERMINE!



LATER, AS BILLY BATSON DOZES IN A
RESTLESS SLEEP...



BILLY, IT'S TIME FOR
CAPTAIN MARVEL TO
APPEAR / SAY MY
NAME!

ZEEZ... SHAZAM!

EVEN IN HIS SLEEP, BILLY BATSON
OBEYS SHAZAM'S MYSTIC COMMAND!

BASIC LIGHTNING---
BASIC THUNDER---
ANSWER THE
WORD SHAZAM....



... AND CAPTAIN MARVEL APPEARS
IN BILLY'S PLACE!



OLD SHAZAM
HIMSELF
SUMMONED
ME!

IT MUST BE
SOMETHING IMPORTANT!
I'LL GO TO HIM
AT ONCE!



EVEN
THOUGH DARKNESS
IS DEAD, LIGHTING
THIS BRAGGART
ENABLES ME TO
SEE AND SPEAK
TO HIM!

THERE
IS NEED OF
YOUR GREAT
POWERS,
MY SON!



CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE GODS HAVE
VOTED TO DESTROY THE EARTH
AT MIDNIGHT, UNLESS YOU CAN
CONVINCE THEM OTHERWISE /
YOU WILL FIND SOMEBODY, ONE OF
THEM, WAITING FOR YOU OUTSIDE.
I AM DEPENDING UPON YOU TO
CONVINCE HIM THAT EARTH IS
WORTH SAVING!

I'LL DO
MY BEST,
SIR!



TO THE ABANDONED TUNNEL
WHERE BRIT BATSON FIRST
DISCOVERED HIS MIRACULOUS
POWERS, CAPTAIN MARVEL
RETURNS...

THE SILVER DEADLY ENEMIES OF MAN



HOLY MOLLEY! THIS IS THE
BIGGEST JOB OF MY
WHOLE CAREER! IF I FAIL,
THE WORLD WILL END
AT MIDNIGHT!



CAPTAIN
MARVEL?

YOU-YOU
MUST BE ...
SORRY!



YES! SHALL WE
BEGIN? WE DON'T
HAVE VERY MUCH
TIME!

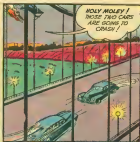
I-I REALLY DON'T KNOW
WHERE TO BEGIN / THE
WORLD IS SUCH A LARGE
PLACE, AT LEAST TO ...
ME ... PEOPLE
LIVING ON EARTH!















THESE WAS A
VOYE, HELD ON THE
ROCK OF ETERNITY.
YOU KNOW
WHAT THE RESULT
WAS, AFTER ALL,
WE ARE STILL
HERE...
AND WE
WOULDN'T BE, IF...

THE CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB IS THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST CLUB!

JOIN NOW!

CAPTAIN MARVEL
10 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

How To Join:
Please send me as a member of the growing CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB a coupon for 10¢ to be used in payment for the cost of my new shirt. A membership application is required by members residing outside the U.S.A. and outside the postal zone and the CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB will receive the application and the CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB will receive the application and the CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB will receive the application.

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

**SEND THIS
COUPON IN
TODAY!**

PLEASE BE SURE IT'S PLACED ON
CORRECTLY SO THAT YOUR NEW
SHIRT WILL NOT BE HELD UP

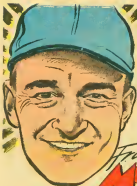
ADVENTURES OF "R.C." and QUICKIE





FLY AWAY!





IN 1946
MCCORMICK SET
A NATIONAL
LEAGUE FIELDING
RECORD FOR
FIRST SACKERS
WITH AN
ALMOST PERFECT
AVERAGE
OF .999.
HE ACCEPTED
1,284 CHANCES
WITH ONLY
ONE ERROR



Frank MCCORMICK

CHAMPION FIRST
BASEMAN OF THE NATIONAL
LEAGUE

THE PHILLIES' FANCY FIELDER HOLDS NATIONAL LEAGUE HONORS FOR MOST DOUBLE PLAYS AT THE RECEPTION CORNER. MCCORMICK'S RECORD—153 DOUBLE PLAYS IN 156 GAMES

SHOULD SEE HIM REACH FOR WHEATIES

HERE'S A REAL CHAMPION



THERE'S ONE DISH THAT HAS A 1,000 AVERAGE IN MY LEAGUE," SAYS FRANK MCCORMICK, "IT'S WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS.' A BIG BOWL OF THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES, WITH LOTS OF MILK AND FRUIT, MAKES A PERFECT BREAKFAST DISH. WHEATIES SEND ME OFF ALL SET FOR ACTION"

WHEATIES
BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

Captain MARVEL

and the CRAZY CAVE COLORS



ON A VACATION FROM SEASON NINE, BILLY BASHON TAKES IN ALL THE SIGHTS IN A REGION NOTED FOR ITS NATURAL WONDERS!



IN YOUR GUIDE, ROADS! BEFORE WE START, I MUST WARN YOU THIS IS AT YOUR OWN RISK! A MEMBER OF YESTERDAY'S TOUR IS MISSING! SHARDCARDS HAVE FAILED TO FIND HIM!



BUT I ASSURE YOU THAT IF YOU STAY CLOSE TO ME, THERE IS NO DANGER! JUST DON'T WANDER AWAY BY YOURSELF! NOW FOLLOW ME!





THE PARTY TAKES ITS
WAY DOWN INTO THE
STRANGE AND MOOD
CAVERNS /

GOSH! ISN'T IT
WEIRD---AND
BEAUTIFUL?



THERE'S ANOTHER STORY,
FOLKS / THEY SAY A HORRIBLE, PEACH
SHARPS THE CAVERNS AND FEELS ON
HUMAN BEINGS / SO IF YOU SEE A CAVE
DEMON, DON'T BE SURPRISED!

GOLLY /
ARE THOSE
STORIES REALLY
TRUE, SIR?



THERE IS AN INTERESTING STORY ABOUT
THIS CAVE / IT WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE
BEEN THE HIDE-OUT OF A NOTORIOUS
PIRATE, LONG AGO / THEY SAY HE HAD
A TREASURE IN HERE, SO MAYBE
ONE OF YOU WILL
FIND IT!



NO, THEY'RE JUST PART OF MY
LINE OF CHATLINE / IT GIVES
PEOPLE A THRILL / THERE'S
NO PIRATE TREASURE
DOWN HERE, SO I'D HAVE
STRUMBLERD ON IT
LONG AGO!



AND THERE'S
NO DEMON
EITHER /
HA, HA, HA!



WOOO!
OOOOOOO!

YIFE!



I AM THE DEMON!
I WILL CLAW
YOU TO
PIECES!

HEY, HEY!
SHAZAM!

THE OLD BURGESSBOY,
HANGING PLUNDER
DOWN AT THE SOLES OF THE
OLD WIZARD'S SLIPPERS, AND
BILLY BASSON CHARGING
FOUR TO THE GREAT...
CAPTAIN MARVEL!



WHAT STRANGE MONSTER DOES CAPTAIN MARVEL
NOW PURSUE THROUGH THE DEEPER SUBTERRANEAN
LABYRINTHS?

THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO HAVE ANY MORE
EPISES OF THIS CAVE, UNLESS I CATCH
THAT---THAT---WELL, WHATEVER IT IS!



FOOLISH MONSTER! HE TRIES TO FRIGHTEN
ME! BUT I KNOW MANY STRANGE
CREATURES! I WILL SLAY HIM
WITH EASE!



THERE'S ONLY AN OLD BOLDY
SKELETON IN THE
CORNER!



WOAY HOLLY!
WH-WHATS THIS?
I'M ONLY A
SKELETON
MYSELF!



CAPTAIN MARVEL'S KEEN AND,
ENDOWED WITH ALL THE WISDOM
OF THE AGES, QUICKLY SOLVES
THE MYSTERY!



EPHMM! I GET IT! THE WALLS OF
THIS CAVERN ARE GIVING OFF
X-RAYS! X-RAYS SHINE
THROUGH THE FLESH, AND
ONLY THE BONES
SHOW!

THE OLD SKELETON---
GONE! DOOR-GONE! THAT
WAS THE DEMON, PRETEND-
ING TO BE A SKELETON!
BUT THAT PROVES HE'S
JUST AN ORDINARY MAN---
NOT A DEMON!



WE DON'T
HAVE TIME TO
GET OUT OF HERE!
THESE HE IS!



BLAST HIM! I CAN'T SHAKE HIM OFF MY TRAIL!
BUT I'LL LEAD HIM INTO THIS CAVE AND
REALLY CONFUSE HIM! THE LIGHT
IN THIS CAVE IS FLUORESCENT!



BUT THE OLD SKELETON WANTS CAPTAIN MARVEL IN
THIS CAVE?

WECOULD'NT HAVE
GONE VERY
FAR!





HEY, THIS PLACE IS kinda DARK!



GRRR! GRRRRR!

HUH? THIS IS THE LAIR OF SOME WILD ANIMAL! THE DEMON MUST HAVE GONE IN SOME OTHER CAVE!

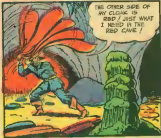


WIT! IN OWN EXPERIENCES ARE GLEANING! FLUORESCENT LIGHT, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! FRIEND DEMON TRIED TO TRICK ME AGAIN BY P pretending TO BE A WILD ANIMAL!



THAT'S MY IDEA!

CURSES! HE CATCHES ON TOO QUICKLY TO THESE THINGS! THE RED CAVE IS MY LAST CHANCE TO GIVE HIM THE SLIP!



THE OTHER SIDE OF MY CAVE IS RED! JUST WHAT I NEED IN THE RED CAVE!



AH! THIS CAVE IS FILLED WITH RED LIGHT! I GO WITH MY RED CLOAK COVERING ME, I BLEND INTO THE WALLS! THAT BIG RED OF HILL THINK I JUST--DISAPPEARED!



HOLY MOLEY, HE DISAPPEARED?!

BUT CAPTAIN MARVEL SEES THE
WEIRD EFFECT ON HIMSELF !

POOR MONEY ! THE STRONG
RED GLOW MAKES ALL RED
THINGS SEEM INVISIBLE !
MY BODY SEEMS TO BE
MISSING !

AND HIS GACK HAND SEIZES ON A CLUE.

COULD THE PUNCH BE
HIDING BEHIND SOMETHING
RED ? AAA ! AN ELBOW
STICKING OUT OF
NOWHERE !

WAAA ! THERE'S SOME-
THING ODD ABOUT THAT---
ER--- DENON ! I'M GOING
TO TRY SOMETHING !
INSTEAD OF CHASING HIM,
I'LL MARCH WITH WITH HIM !

I'LL PRETEND TO
GIVE UP AND GO
HAAA !

HE GAVE UP ! I
ROOLED HIM !
HAAAA !

NOW
TO FOLLOW HIM !
IF MY SUSPICIONS
ARE RIGHT---

HE CAME
IN HERE !

AA ! JUST AS I
SUSPECTED ! YOU
FOUND THE PRINCE'S
TREASURE !

HEN ? YOU
FOLLOWED
ME ?

YOU'RE NO DEMON!
YOU'RE JUST A
COMMON, CONNING
HUMAN BEING!



NOW TALK!
TELL ME
THE WHOLE
STORY!

OKAY! YOU GOT ME! I
EMERGED FROM THE PRISON
YESTERDAY, AND SCRAMBLED
ON THIS OLD PIRATE'S
TREASURE!



I WANTED THE TREASURE FOR
MYSELF / I TRIED TO SCARE EVERYONE
ELSE AWAY BY PRETENDING TO
BE THE PUNCH OF THE
GUESTS' STORY!



I ALSO FOUND THOSE CAVES WITH THE PECULIAR
LIGHTING EFFECTS, AND FEARED I COULD ESCAPE
FROM ANYBODY IF THEY--- ANYBODY BUT YOU,
BLAST IT!



GUARD WAS YOUR DOWNFALL,
DIL / IF YOU HAD REPORTED THE TREASURE,
YOU WOULD HAVE GOTTEN A FAIR SHARE
FROM THE STATE / AS IT IS NOW,
YOU'LL GET NOTHING BUT FREE
BOARD AT THE STATE PRISON!

THE CAVER OF MANY COLORS HAVE SINCE
BEEN OPENED TO THE PUBLIC, FOLKS / AND
INSTEAD OF A PRORY STORY, THE GUIDE NOW
HAS A REAL, HAD-RAISING ADVENTURE
TO RECORD TO THE PINT-SHIRT!



HALL-HEARING ROLLER SKATES

They're Super!

Ask the kids who have 'emo' hair to show the class how to do it.



POCKET ADDRESS MACHINE
AND **STANDARD ADDRESS BOOK**



220

It used nothing weaker than is used in the manufacture of weapons. Made of steel and noncorrosive. Costs us \$1,000,000.00. Also, such a strong thing is only in four pieces. It can not make anything. So people that say that it is impossible. Well, my friends, please you will see what I have not invented when the world will only show us that it is possible. Goodbye, my friends. I am a student.

A REAL COMPLETE FISHING COUNTRY

17 4251 88.6.0000.0000

- [illegible]

Money Back Guarantee
If you are not completely satisfied after your stoppage any of these items return them and your money will be immediately refunded. It is not necessary to send money with this. Any postage plus package and C.O.D. charges if you need assistance, we can assist.



299



**A TOY SEWING MACHINE
THAT ACTUALLY SEWS**



Young girl swears that somehow that really nasty little twercher, known along with others as 11 or not only lives off them, but it is one of the best of all neighborhood lags.

1. **Identify the main idea of the passage.**
 2. **Identify the supporting details.**
 3. **Identify the author's purpose.**
 4. **Identify the author's tone.**
 5. **Identify the author's bias.**
 6. **Identify the author's point of view.**
 7. **Identify the author's audience.**
 8. **Identify the author's style.**
 9. **Identify the author's structure.**
 10. **Identify the author's language.**



SPECIAL SPECIATION IN
MOUNTAIN CROCODILES



Figure 4. *epinephelus* section of a level 1 slide showing the hippocampus, perforated, and deep placed in a brown ridge. With low to medium magnification, the hippocampus is visible, and the deep placed in a brown ridge. The hippocampus is visible, and the deep placed in a brown ridge. The hippocampus is visible, and the deep placed in a brown ridge.

Then look for signs of post-operative problems as well as a normalised health. For example, a patient who is unable to sleep peacefully, is sweating, with chills, and feeling the "flu-like" with some loss of appetite, is not doing

TAVELLA SALES CO. Dept. 103

[illegible]


 UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN PRESS

Read the following story _____ **Following** _____ **Following** _____ **Following** _____ **Following** _____

_____ **Building Machines**, #119, \$9.95 _____ **Painting Boats**, #120, \$9.95

_____ Ranking: _____ Ranking: _____

[illegible]

10

Information & Policy

Bob Keller

WORLD'S CHAMPION
THROW OUT NO HIT SPEEDBALL
"CLEVELAND INDIAN" PITCHER

Says

"BOYS and GIRLS
GET ONLY THESE ORIGINAL, BEN-
DINE, PURE, DELICIOUS FROTH
QUALITY CONFECTIONS"

ALL "POPSICLE" PRODUCTS ARE
MADE BY SELECTED ICE CREAM
MANUFACTURERS IN "APPROVED"
CLEAN SANITARY PLANTS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AND
THEY ARE SOLD EVERYWHERE

Popsicle Pete

will send you—

FREE

Popsicle Pete

FUN BOOK

SPORTS

MAGIC

PUZZLES

HOBBIES

COMICS



ALL THIS FREE
NO BAGS — NO MONEY
SEND ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS



COOLING — REFRESHING
TANGY FLAVORS



CREAM — RUBY
FROTH DELIGHT



PINK ICE CREAM
DELICIOUSLY COATED



PINK ICE CREAM
CHOCOLATE COATED

SAVE THE BAGS
GET SWELL PRIZES

Grand gifts for bags (at bags and each) from
these products.
Ice Cream On-A-Stick Bags are good too if
they say "LICENSED BY JOE LOWE CORPO-
RATION" and—"SAVE THESE BAGS FOR
GIFTS."

THIS WONDERFUL "POPSICLE PETE" FUN
BOOK" CHOCK FULL OF STORIES, TRICKS,
PRIZES, HOBBIES, ADVENTURE, QUIZ
GET YOURS WHILE THEY LAST!

EXTRA FREE PRIZE
CATALOG

It goes with the "POPSICLE PETE" FUN
BOOK! It shows pictures of prize goods (not
for saving bags (at bags and each) and tells
how many bags needed for each gift.

EASY TO GET

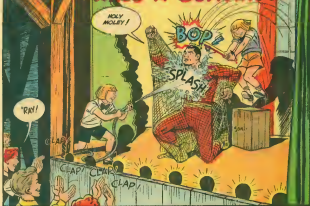
TO GET BOTH THE "POPSICLE PETE" FUN
BOOK" AND PRIZE CATALOG JUST SEND
A POSTAL CARD WITH YOUR NAME AND
ADDRESS TO

Popsicle Pete

401 W 34th St., New York 1, N.Y.
In Canada Address
100 Sterling Road, Toronto

Captain MARVEL

TAKES A BEATING!



BILLY BAZZON IS ALWAYS LOOKING FOR INTERESTING DEMS FOR HIS NEWSCAST!

HERE'S THE OLD SUMMER THEATRE WHERE PLAYS WERE PRESENTED YEARS AGO! LOOKS AS IF SOME KIDS HAVE TAKEN IT OVER! I'LL GO IN AND SEE WHAT THEY'RE DOING!



LISTEN, I OWN THIS BUILDING, AND YOU BOYS HAVE TO PAY ME RENT IF YOU WANT TO HOLD YOUR PLAY HERE!

HEY MR. SCROOCH! WE HAVE NO MONEY RIGHT NOW! PLEASE LET US RUN OUR PLAY FIRST, AND THEN WE'LL PAY YOU!





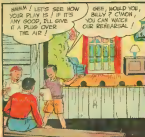
NO! I'LL COME TO COLLECT LATER! IF YOU DON'T PAY---OBT. YOU GO!

AH, GEE!



I'M BILLY RABSON! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

I'M BOBBY AND THIS IS GREGG! WE BOYS WANT THIS OLD BAZEN FOR A CLUBHOUSE, BUT WE NEED MONEY TO FIX IT UP! SO WE WANT TO PUT ON A PLAY! BUT OLD SCROOCH KEEPS YELLING FOR HIS RENT!



ARRRR! LET'S SEE HOW YOUR PLAY IS! IF IT'S ANY GOOD, I'LL GIVE IT A PULL-OVER THE AIR!

OH, WOULD YOU, BILLY? THEN, YOU CAN HAVE OUR REHEARSAL!



WE MADE SCROOCH THE VILLAIN OF OUR PLAY, BECAUSE HE'S SO MEAN! IN THE FIRST ACT, THE MEAN LANDLORD COMES TO COLLECT RENT FROM A HARD-WORKING FATHER!



NOW WE GO ON STAGE, BILLY! GREGG AND I PLAY THE PART OF TWO MISCHIEVOUS THINGS! WATCH OUR STUFF!



THE PLAY GOES ON!

HAVE MERCY! DON'T TURN ME AND MY TWO INNOCENT KIDS OUT INTO THE COLD, CRUEL WORLD!

MY RENT! GIVE IT TO ME NOW!



OKAY, WE'LL GIVE IT...

... TO YOU NOW! HEE, HEE!

CLUB! HALP!

SPLASH!









HALP! MURDER!
LET ME OUT!
YLOWWW!

GEE,
CAPTAIN
MARVEL SURE
IS ACTING
AS PART
GOOD!



BUT HE
REALLY DOESN'T
FEEL A
THING!

HOLY MOLLEY!
THIS IS THE REAL
LANDLOLD! GOT TO
RESCUE HIM FROM
THESE CATS!



BUT IN THE WINGS, WHERE CAPTAIN MARVEL BASELBY
WANTS....

HEY, WHERE'S MY CUE?...
HOLY MOLLEY! SOUNDS AS IF
SOMEBODY'S GETTING
MURDERED ON
STAGE!

HALP!
OWWW!



G-GULP!
IT WAS MR.
SCROODCH
HIMSELF!

NOW
YOU'LL
KICK US
OUT OF THE
PLACE FOR
SURE!

WAIT, SIR!
DON'T BE ANGRY!
IT WAS ALL A
MISTAKE!



KIDDER, I
WAS PLAYING
THE PART
AND...???

RAW, RAW! YOU LOOK A
WRECK, CAPTAIN MARVEL!
YOU MEAN THE BOYS PLAY
TRICKS LIKE THAT ON YOU,
ALL THROUGH THE PLAY?
I MUST SEE IT
MYSELF!

RAW, RAW, RAW!



THE LANDLOLD SAYS OUT TO
HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR!

AND SO, THE FIRST NIGHT, THE
GRAND OPENING OF THE PLAY
IS SCHEDULED!

IT'S A SELL-OUT! BUT
OH GOLLY! I HAVE TO GO
THROUGH THAT WHOLE BEATING
AGAIN! AND I COULD
JUST BREAK AWAY!



CAPTAIN MARVEL
DON'T SPEAK AWAY
FOLES! WE HAD
A LOT OF FUN
ACTING IN THE
PLAY, AND THE
BOY PLAYWRIGHTS
PAID THE LAND
LORD OFF IN
LAUGHS INSTEAD
OF CASH!



HUMAN PETS OF NEPTUNE

A Jon Jarl Adventure

By Eando Binder



THE tiny rocket ship of Lt. Jon Jarl of the Space Patrol sped away from Earth at 1000 miles a second, its powerful motor droning like low thunder. Yet even at this stupendous velocity, it took him 60 hours to reach the planet Neptune, for it was almost three billion miles from the sun.

An exploring expedition of five men had gone to Neptune's single moon a month before. Their radio reports had suddenly ceased. Headquarters had then given Lt. Jon Jarl the special commission of trying to locate the missing party. Or learn what its fate had been.

Neptune's moon was large, twice as large as Earth's moon. Jon slanted his ship down, expecting to find a frozen, bluish world. But to his surprise, he saw wide areas of green vegetation, and luxuriant forests, only lightly tufted with snow. No worse than Alaska on Earth. By all rights, so far from the sun, the world should have been frozen solid.

Jon quickly found the answer. Here and there he saw huge live volcanoes, pouring out their sprays of lava and tremendous volumes of heat. It was the inner heat of the satellite's molten center that warmed the surface.

Jon knew the approximate latitude and longitude at which the explorers had landed. Navigating to the spot, he noticed what seemed to be a small city amid the forests. That was surprise number two. No one had ever suspected that a civil-

ized race might be living on Neptune's moon.

Landing his ship in a forest clearing, Jon stepped out in his parka, finding the temperature not much below zero, and the air thin but breathable. He hiked through the forest toward the community he had seen. Very likely it was the first thing the explorers had done too. What had happened to them at the alien city? Had the unknown race been hostile?

A sound made Jon whirl, pulling his ray guns in a flash. Peering through the leaves was a man! Or was it a man? It was completely human in form, but wore only a girdle about its mid-die. It had wild uncut hair down to its shoulders, and somehow, the eyes were fierce and untemed, like an animal's.

Was it the native intelligent race of this world? Jon raised a hand in the peace gesture, and took one step forward, but the creature only growled. The next second it was gone, vanishing in the forest like a slinking wolf.

Jon was puzzled. The creature had been no more than a wild man, a beast in human form. Then who were the intelligent people living in the city?

JON came close to the outlying sections of the small city. The buildings were of stone, built like domes. He cautiously approached and a third overwhelming surprise hit him. For the "people" he saw were animals! They seemed to be a

cross between a bear and an ape, walking upright, and clad in finely-woven clothing. But they were shaggy and seemed totally out of place in a city.

Jon lost count of surprises when next he saw one of the bear-people with a leash, and attached to the leash was a human form, grinning foolishly and prancing along quite like a dog with its master.

"Some crazy world," Jon muttered to himself. "The leading citizens are civilized animals, and they use human beings as pets!"

Jon was too occupied to notice the two bear-men who came up behind him, grabbing his arms. He tried to pull his guns, but they adroitly snatched them away. As they hustled him along, Jon realized he had been picked up by some "police-men" of this world. No doubt they considered him a lost pet.

"Now wait a minute," Jon remonstrated. "Let me explain who I am and where I came from. Don't you understand me at all?"

The two bear-men grinned at each other, quite as if a talking-parrot had cackled something meaningless, and kept pulling him along. They brought him to a building with barred windows and thrust him inside. It was not a jail. It was a large cage!

In the cage were a dozen others of human form. Seven of them were like the wild brutes of the forest, but the other five rushed at Jon in welcome joy. They were the missing explorers.

"Another Earthman?" one bearded man yelled, gripping his hand.

"Professor Thorne?" Jon said to the leader of the men. "I'm Jon Jarl of the Space Patrol. I was sent to find you. I've found you all right — but what is this place?"

"A dog-pound!" growled Thorne. "That's what it is. We're kept in here like a bunch of stray dogs till someone comes to claim us. Of all the silly, ridiculous, humiliating—"

Jon could not help grinning, as Thorne went on angrily. He had expected to find them in great danger, perhaps dead. But here they were, locked up in a cage like vagrants. It was almost funny.

The professor calmed down. "You see, on this world, the animals are the intelligent race. And the humans are dumb brutes. As soon as we fell into their hands, the bear-people clapped us in here, assuming we were the same."

"Have you tried to communicate with them?" Jon asked. "They don't know our language, of course, but couldn't you draw pictures or make signs or something, letting them know you're as intelligent as they are?"

THORNE threw up his hands. "We tried till we were blue in the face. The keepers only smile at each other, as if amused by our semi-intelligent antics, and put our heads soothingly, and then walk out. I tell you, Lieutenant, it's maddening! They rate us about like clever dogs."

"It's quite a trap," Jon said, soberly. "And I'm in it too now. If we could only communicate with them—"

"The worst of it is, this Mental Telepathy Machine isn't working," Thorne held up a small box with dials on

it. "It's a new invention designed to translate any unknown language into thought waves, which are then converted into our language. And vice versa. If it were only working, it would translate our language into theirs. But the blasted thing won't give out a peep."

Jon took the little box curiously, about to examine it, when suddenly shouts came from the street outside. A bear-man keeper, outside their barred door, snatched up a weapon like a blunderbuss, and waited as if for attack.

It was an attack. A wild, yelling horde of the forest-men swarmed into the city, armed with crude clubs, battering down their hated enemy, the bear-people. Jon saw the attack from the window. Somehow, his sympathies were with the bear-people! Animals they might be, in outward form, but their minds were "human". Whereas the forest-men had human form, and the savage ruthless hearts of beasts. It was a queer reversal of things.

The wave of attack swept close to the prison. Three forest-men attacked the cage keeper. Valiantly, he shot down two of them with his weapon, but the third forest-man brained him with his club, and ran on with a blood-curdling yell of triumph.

Jon hung the Mental Telepathy Machine on his belt and leaped forward. The keeper's body had fallen against the bars. Jon reached out, got his key-ring, and unlocked the door. "Come on," he yelled to the explorers. "We're going to help these bear-people against the forest-brutes!"

They had no weapons. But they had the skill and speed of Earthmen on a world of lighter gravity. Led by Jon, they smashed into a cluster of forest-men, delivering

clean uppercuts and knock-out blows.

Jon spied the leader of the forest-men — a giant wild brute with a knotted club. He was the one to get. Smashing a forest-man out of his way, Jon faced the brutal giant. The great club whistled and descended—at the spot Jon had vacated. Jon brought up his fist from the knees, and the giant crumpled, out cold.

The other wild men paused, startled. Then, seeing their leader down, a moan went up from their ranks, and all the fight left them. Turning tail, they sped away for the forests from which they had swarmed. The raid was over.

SEVERAL of the bear-people came up and stared curiously at Jon and his companions.

"Yes," said Jon. "We helped you fight the forest-men. We're civilized like you are—if you could only understand me!"

Jon gasped as a voice came back, in clear Earth language. "But we do understand you! And now we see what a great mistake we have made. You are intelligent beings from another world, not wild forest brutes."

It was then that Jon noticed his "voice" really came from the Mental Telepathy Machine, which Jon had hung on his belt before. During the fight, it had somehow been shaken up violently, and was now working!

"I think our troubles are over," Jon said to Thorne. "Unless I miss my guess, from now on we're going to be wined and dined by these bear-people, instead of being treated like dogs!"

THE END

Read next month's *Captain Marvel Adventure* for another adventure in the future with Jon Jarl!

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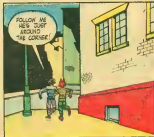
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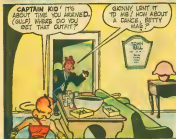
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CAPTAIN MARVEL

and the 13th GUEST!

WEE!
I'M A
GHOST!

POOEEY!
THERE'S NO
SUCH THING
AS A GHOST!

THAT'S WHAT
WE THINK!
NO, NO!

STERLING MORRIS, OWNER
OF STATION WHIZ, EXTENDS
AN INVITATION TO BILLY BATSON,
HIS STAR BOY NEWSCASTER.

BILLY, I JUST
BOUGHT A
HOUSE IN THE
COUNTRY. COME
AND SPEND THE
WEEK-END WITH
ME. I'VE INVITED
ELEVEN GUESTS
FOR A HOUSE-
WARMING PARTY.
I'LL DRIVE
YOU!

THANKS,
MR. MORRIS.
I'LL PICK
MY BAG!



MAKE YOURSELF
COMFORTABLE, BILLY.
THE OTHER GUESTS WILL
ARRIVE SOON. THERE
WILL BE AN EVEN
DOZEN OF
US ALTOGETHER.

DINNER IS SERVED WHEN ALL THE
GUESTS HAVE ARRIVED.

A TOAST! MAY YOU
LIVE HAPPILY IN YOUR
NEW HOME, MR.
MORRIS!

BUT BILLY NOTICES A STRANGE THING !!

I ALWAYS SAY, BILLY,
BLAH, BLAH, BLAH,
BLAH...

HEY THAT'S
FUNNY! I
COUNTED
THIRTEEN
PEOPLE HERE,
NOT TWELVE!

YES, MR.
BLOUNT-DOODLE!
YES, MR. ...

IS THERE A THIRTEENTH
UNINVITED GUEST HERE?
OH DID MR MORRIS INVITE AN
EXTRA ONE? OH WELL, IT'S
NONE OF MY BUSINESS! I'LL
FORGET ABOUT IT AND JOIN IN
THE CONVERSATION.

I'M BILLY
BATSON. I
DIDN'T QUITE
CATCH YOUR
NAME, SIR?

GROSS IS
MY NAME,
YOUNG
MAN.

MR GROSS, DID YOU
HEAR THE STORY THAT
THIS HOUSE HAS A
GHOST? HAUNTED
HOUSES ALWAYS
HARD ME A
LAUGH! HA, HA!

BILLY STORMS,
AREN'T THEY?
HA, HA!

BUT LITTLE DOES BILLY
KNOW THAT HE IS SITTING
NEXT TO.....

I AM THE GHOST OF THIS
HAUNTED HOUSE! I HAVE
IMATERIALIZED AND JOINED
THE GUESTS! NONE OF THEM
SUSPECTS, AND THEY MUST
NOT... TILL I HAVE FINISHED MY
WORK! THIS SHALL BE A NIGHT
LONG TO REMEMBER, FOR
ALL OF THEM!

LATER, AS BILLY
PREPARES FOR BED...

IS PEOPLE! GOOD
THING I'M NOT SUPER-
STITIOUS, OR I'D EXPECT
SOMETHING TO HAPPEN,
LIKE A BLOOD-CURLING
SCREAM!

EEEEEEAAA!

HOLY MOLEY!
THERE'S MY BLOOD-
CURLING SCREAM!
SHAZAM!

THE NAME OF
THE OLD WIZARD
BRINGS A CRASH
OF MAGIC LIGHT-
NING THAT AN-
NOUNCES THE
ARRIVAL OF
MIGHTY
CAPTAIN
MARVEL!

BOOM!

THAT SCREAM SOUNDED
AS IF IT CAME FROM MRS.
BLAUNT-DOODLE'S ROOM
DOWN THE HALL!



EEEK!
OHWWWWWW

Ooooo! Woooo!



MEANWHILE, IN MRS. BLAUNT-DOODLE'S ROOM...

SHE FINTED...
GOOD! HER JEWELS
ARE MINE!



WHO'S COMING?
WELL, I'LL JUST
GIVE HIM THE GHOST
TREATMENT!!



Ooooo!
Woooo! I'M
A GHOST!!
Ooooo!



IF YOU'RE A GHOST
YOU WOULDN'T FEEL
THIS AT ALL!

BLAP!





HE FLEW IT
ALL RIGHT!
HE'S A FAKE!
I'LL DON HIM
DOWN!





THE GUNMAN TURNS
HIS GUN ON THE
NEWCOMER, BUT...

BANG! YIFE!

ANOTHER GUY
THAT WON'T FALL
DOWN DEAD !!

NO, BUT A
FEW OF THESE
AND YOU'LL
FALL DOWN !!

BAM!

OOE!

DOF TO ESCAPE HIM,
BUT HOW? AH, I
KNOW.....

WOY HOLEY!
I KNOCKED HIM
RIGHT HERE...
BUT HE'S GONE
AGAIN!

SWAN! WITH THIS SHEET
OVER ME, I LOOK JUST LIKE
ONE OF THESE SACKS OF
POTATGES!

AMAZING HOW HE DOES
IT... ALMOST LIKE A
REAL GHOST, EN?

OH COME, MR
GHOSE! YOU'RE
TOO LEVEL-HEADED
A MAN TO BELIEVE THERE
IS A GHOST IN THIS
HOUSE!

SECRET

HELP ME KEEP
WATCH FOR THAT
CROOK, MR GHOSE!
I'LL KEEP GUARD
OVER THIS WAY,
AND YOU GO
THAT WAY!

OKAY!

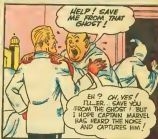
I'LL FADE OUT AND
WATCH WHILE IN-
VISIBLE! I WANT TO
HELP CAPTAIN MADREL
NAB THE THIEF, BE-
CAUSE THEN I'LL BE
FREE OF MY
CURSE!

LATER...

ALL'S QUIET!
NOW TO SNEAK UP
TO THE BEDROOMS
AGAIN, AND SNATCH
SOME SNAGS!

HEY, I'VE ALMOST
GOT THE FEELING I'M
BEING FOLLOWED! OH
RUNNING!! NEXT
THING I'LL BE BE-
LIEVING THERE'S A
GHOST IN THIS HOUSE...
LIKE THAT GUY
STORY THEY
TELL!

THIS GUY KEEPS
HIS WALLET UNDER
HIS PILLOW. IF HE WAKES
UP, I'LL GIVE HIM THE
GHOST ACT.



THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL
HAS HEARD !!

TRY TO
WITCH ON ME
THIS TIME, MR.
FAKE GHOST!

LET'S SEE WHO YOU
ARE, UNDER THE
SHEET!

Pow!



CAPTAIN MARVEL!
HOW DARE YOU
MANHANDLE ONE OF
MY GUESTS... **COUNT**
DE GIPEAUX?

COUNT DE GIPEAUX...
BUNK! THIS IS
FINGER'S FAGIN, A WELL-
KNOWN THIEF! HE EVIDENTLY
STOLE THE COUNT'S INVITATION
AND CAME IN HIS PLACE!



YOUR OTHER GUEST,
MR. GHOSS, HELPED ME
CATCH THE CROOK!

GHOSS?
WHO'S THAT?
I DIDN'T
INVITE ANY-
BODY NAMED
GHOSS!



HOLY HOLY!
THEN THAT MEANS
MR. GHOSS WAS
THE 15TH UN-
INVITED GUEST!
HEY, MR. GHOSS,
WHERE ARE YOU
GOING?

I'M LEAVING!
THE CURSE IS
OVER, I'M
LEAVING THIS
HOUSE FOR-
EVER!



YOU SEE I'M THE GHOST OF
THIS HOUSE! 50 YEARS AGO
THE CURSE STRUCK ME, FOR
I WAS THE 15TH GUEST ON
FRIDAY THE 15TH! THE ONLY
WAY I COULD FREE MYSELF FROM
THE CURSE WAS TO WAIT UNTIL
ANOTHER GATHERING OF 15
GUESTS ARRIVED! WHEN THAT
HAPPENED, I WOULD BE FREE
TO GO!



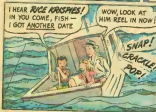
**BUT I HAD TO ELIMINATE
THAT CROOK.....**
BECAUSE YOU SEE,
CAPTAIN MARVEL, COUNT-
ING YOU, THERE WERE
14 GUESTS IN
THE HOUSE !!



**HERE'S CAPTAIN
MARVEL,**
CLUB MEMBERS,
BRINGING YOU
YOUR REGULAR
CODE MESSAGE!

USE YOUR CODE
MESSAGES TO PROVE
THIS OUT, FALG!

KUZYON ZOO LU BUP EZEN LUHNA PLAKYIVYV
DENGSHI YROOSYERKLA VEM PUNG OL VYELLO
LI NIG! OYOO, RM NICO KLASOSH SHYU LU KIDORUM
NEZVO ZWENKOPHYV KLAY LU BUP JYVHERLUM
PRCO VY ZYKRYIVYV RA SHY KULB YROOS YERKUM
KOSLMO VYERLUP! SHY I KUPYV! PZENS OL RM!



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